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F.D.C.

KEY COMICS





WEB COMIC
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FREE PROOF THAT

LEARN and TEACH
with RYTHMAGRAPH



PROF. LOUIS RUBEN
Inventor of the
"RYTHMAGRAPH"
METHOD

READ
WHAT
STUDENTS
SAY

Mother Pleased

I am very much pleased at the improvement in my daughter's music since she has taken lessons from you . . .

"Anyone Can Play Piano"

I have found your teaching methods most successful . . . I believe anyone can be made into a good piano player with the mere application of your methods . . .

A Soldier Plays in Ten Minutes

Your short cut two handed method enabled me, without any previous experience to actually play a complete song from notes which only took ten minutes . . .

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I certainly approve of your method of teaching. Step by step the composition of swing is built with the introduction of a new idea in each lesson . . .

Inspires Pupil as Well as Listener

Your simplified method of teaching brought about by the infallible "RYTHMAGRAPH" is a wonderful aid in inspiring the pupil as well as impressing the listener . . .

More Children Would Play With This Method

I feel that if more music teachers would use your method of teaching, there would be more children that would appreciate music and would not mind practicing . . .

Progress Increased Threefold

Since your new method, namely the RYTHMAGRAPH, has been introduced to me, it has increased my progress threefold. Your invention will undoubtedly help others to read music much more easily and much more thoroughly in less time . . .

As Mechanical as Rising in the Morning

After using the "RYTHMAGRAPH" for only a short period of time, marking of the pieces becomes as mechanical as rising in the morning.

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NO
MONEY

Send coupon today and receive everything by return mail. Deposit \$1.00 plus the fee, and postage with postman, if not satisfied after five days' trial, return for full refund.

VANGUARD PIANO STUDIOS, Dept. 4205
3149 Sixth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

CAN TEACH YOU TO PLAY PIANO IN ONE LESSON!

Make me prove my statement! Let me send you my new simplified method of learning to play the piano with the understanding that it does not cost you a single cent . . . yes, not a penny, unless my amazing new discovery is everything I claim for it and that you actually play the piano from notes with both hands and with correct technique. Now make your dream of becoming a piano player come true. Now, without any previous experience, without any musical knowledge whatever, even if you can't read a single note, I will show you how to play fascinating melodies, popular songs, etc. You will actually read notes and you will play harmonically correct using both hands. My method is so simple that you actually perform this miracle of piano playing in 30 minutes or less.

THE RYTHMAGRAPH MAKES YOU A PLAYER AT ONCE—AN EXPERT FAST!

The amazing part of Professor Ruben's rythmagraph method of playing the piano is that it absolutely eliminates all confusion. This method actually tells you at the piano and teaches you how to use one chord and change to another by varying one or two notes. It is just like A. B. C. It's so simple. The instruction is graded so effectively that you play the Volca Boat Song harmonically correct with both hands in less than 30 minutes. Then, after a little practice the system is graded so that you effectively play from one lesson which leads into the next, entertainingly and effortlessly.

FREE, too—

With Each Lesson—LATEST POPULAR SONGS YOU PLAY WITH EASE—AND WELL

You receive with this course, without extra charge, all popular songs (more and better) which you will enjoy and can play on the piano. Not only will you find this great relaxation and fun, but you will also entertain your friends and amaze yourself. Read on and learn how to receive everything included in this offer practically as a gift.

JUST MUSIC AND FUN—NO DRUDGERY, NO EXERCISES, NO FINGERING, NO EAR PLAYING; YOU PLAY FROM NOTES

The famous registered trademark of "RYTHMAGRAPH" . . . We wish we could explain the many details here for you, but until the all-around lesson and book are sent, we would not be able to do so. We simply let it be made by the piano, under the guidance of Professor Louis Ruben. When you read and play, you know the life of the young man and his friends.

Damage your friends' envy! You'll win center of pop fun and real popularity!



Rush the coupon

VANGUARD

PIANO STUDIO, Dept. 4205

3149 Sixth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

Please send me by return mail, complete instructions by Professor Louis Ruben as explained in the advertisement, including the six popular songs free of charge. I will deposit \$1.00 plus postage with the postman on arrival of your course. If, on some occasion, I am not fully satisfied, and I am not sure, I may return for full refund within five days.

NAME **JVJ-NARESTAR**

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

NOTE: Piano lovers in foreign countries and on board ships send \$1.00 with order.

THE KEY



BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS
SPELL TERROR AND DEATH
UPON THE STAGE AS THE
LIGHTS DIM AND THE CURTAIN
OPENS ON THE FIRST ACT
OF THE

"CRIME OF
ONE DOZEN ROSES!"

JEFFERY QUICK, THE KEY,
AND PALO, HIS INDIAN
FRIEND, WRITE FINIS TO
A TRAGEDY!



SINCE PALO IS HIS GUEST
JEFF FEELS IT HIS DUTY
AS HOST TO ENTERTAIN
HIM IN TRUE NEW YORK
STYLE!

ONE THING YOU MUST
SEE, PALO, IS A
BROADWAY SHOW!
WHAT WILL IT BE?
DRAMA? OR
MUSICAL
COMEDY?

I SHOULD
PREFER
COMEDY...LIFE
IS TRAGIC ENOUGH
IN REALITY!



THE CRITICS ARE RAVING ABOUT THE MUSICAL CALLED, "ONE DOZEN ROSES"...

I WOULD LIKE VERY MUCH TO SEE IT!!



BUT BEHIND THE SCENE, MR MELROCK, DIRECTOR OF THE PLAY, IS HAVING A HEADACHE...

HERE IS LAFFER...

DRUNK AGAIN!

HI, EV'RYBODY... (HIC)



SNAP OUT OF IT, LAFFER... HERE ARE YOUR ROSES... GET READY TO RUN THROUGH THE SECOND ACT... IT NEEDS POLISHING UP!

AW... I AIN'T GWINE T' DO IT (HIC) TH' CRITICS SAY I'M WONDERFUL!



BESIDES, MELROCK, OL' BOY... I DON'T LIKE YOU... NEVER DID... SO I'M NOT REHEARSING...

WHY YOU UNGRATEFUL...



I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK, MELROCK... OOF!

CLOWNING FOOL...



WE'VE STOOD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH OF YOUR HORSEPLAY, LAFFER...

OW!

SMACK!



GORYNNE RUSHES UP...

HE'S HAD ENOUGH, MEL...
STOP IT!

HE ASKED
FOR IT!



YOU'RE THROUGH,
LAFFER... ALL
WASHED UP...
FIRE!

BUT - MY
CONTRACT...
I...



YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED,
LAFFER - YOU'LL
RUIN THE
SHOW...

YEAH...
IT'S A
LUCKY THING
THEY'VE GOT
ME FOR AN
UNDERSTUDY...



TAKE YOUR CONTRACT AND TEAR
IT UP... AND TAKE THESE ROSES
WITH YOU! NOW GET OUT OF
HERE... SANFORD WILL TAKE
YOUR PLACE..

Y-YOU STARTED
THIS, MELROCK...
I'LL FINISH IT...
YOU'LL SEE!



ONE DOZEN ROSES
... BOSH!

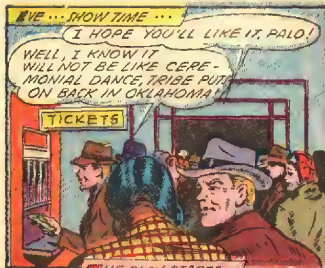


**JUST THEN, MEEKS, THE STAGE MANAGER
TALKS TO LAFFER...**

TOUGH BREAK, MR. LAFFER...
HMMMMM THEY DID THE
SAME THING TO ME
BACK IN 'EIGHTEEN...
BUT I DIDN'T LET
IT WORRY ME!

NO...
THEY'LL
GET BACK
ONE DOZEN
ROSES... WITH
INTEREST!

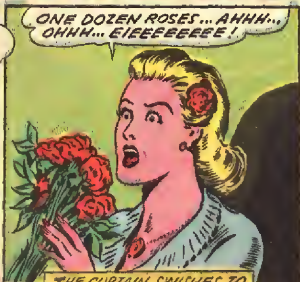
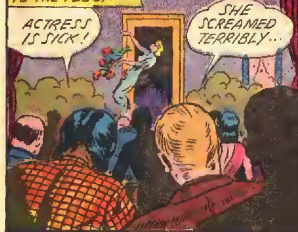




THE PLAY STARTS...



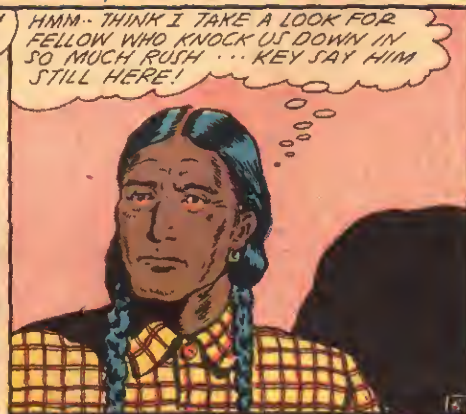
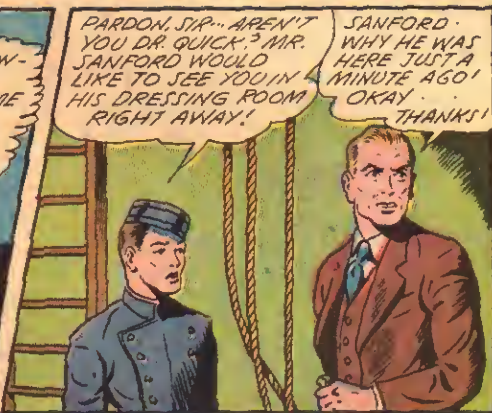
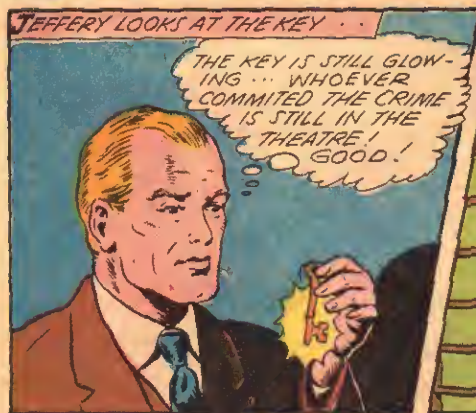
THE AUDIENCE GASPS AS CORYNNE FALLS TO THE FLOOR ...



THE CURTAIN SWISHES TO A CLOSE ON A SCENE OF DEATH ...







MEANTIME, JEFF ENTERS SANFORD'S DRESSING ROOM!

WHA -- HOLY SMOKES!
ANOTHER ONE!

MR. NEIL
SANFORD

KNIFED! THE KEY WAS RIGHT AS
USUAL -- THE MURDERER IS STILL
AROUND THE THEATER! HUMM --
THE FLOWERS AGAIN.

A DOZEN ROSES TO EACH VICTIM --
QUAINT SENSE OF DRAMATICS THE
KILLER HAS ... I WONDER IF THERE
CAN BE ANY
MEANING
ATTACHED
TO THE
FLOWERS?

WELL, I'D BETTER REPORT THIS AND
ROUND EVERYONE UP FOR QUESTION-
ING! WE'VE GOT TO BE SURE NO --
ONE ELSE GETS
MURDERED!

AS JEFF PROCEEDS TOWARD THE
'STAGE' ...

PALO ... AND LAFFER --
HOLD ON TO HIM,
PALO!

LET GO,
REDSKIN!

I GUESS THE KEY WILL MAKE
CERTAIN THAT LAFFER DOESN'T
GET AWAY AGAIN --

THE SILKEN CORD SNAPS THROUGH THE AIR ...

AH... THE KEY!

IF LAFFER IS THE CRIMINAL, WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!



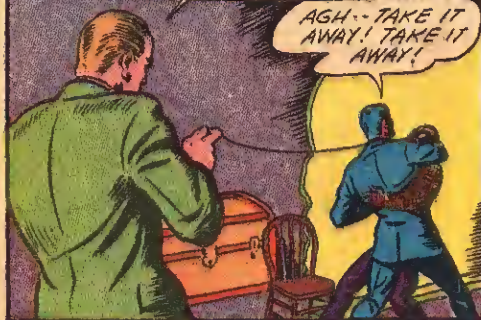
...AND TWISTS ABOUT LAFFER'S NECK!

WA-- A KEY!
HEY! NO!!



OKAY, LAFFER -- LET PALO GO NOW AND BEHAVE, OR THE KEY WILL HAVE TO BREAK YOUR NECK!

AGH-- TAKE IT AWAY! TAKE IT AWAY!



I'M CHOKING (COUGH-COUGH) PLEASE TAKE IT OFF-- I LET THE INDIAN GO (COUGH) HURRY-- I'LL DIE!



THERE, LAFFER, NOW SUPPOSE YOU ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS?

WAIT... I'VE GOTTA TELL YOU SOMETHING FIRST!

HMM... THE KEY DOES NOT GLOW NOW!



MELROCK APPEARS AT THIS MOMENT ...

GO RIGHT AHEAD, LAFFER-- TALK! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE WANT YOU TO DO! GLAD YOU'RE HERE, MELROCK!

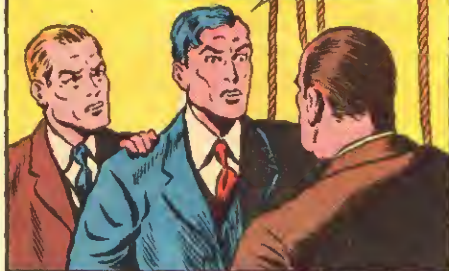
OH... YOU'VE CAUGHT LAFFER -- GOOD! I HEARD THE SCUFFLE AND...

YOU MUST BELIEVE ME-- I DIDN'T KILL CORYNNE OR SANFORD!



I KNOW YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH, LAFFER, FOR THE KEY DOESN'T GLOW NOW BUT -- WHO DID ?

I KNOW - YES! AND I'LL TELL!! IT WAS...



LAFFER'S SPEECH IS SILENCED --

UHH...

GET BACK. A SAND-BAG!



AND, FROM ABOVE SOMEPLACE, A DOZEN ROSES FLUTTER DOWN TO COVER LAFFER'S BODY...

THE ROSES AGAIN!

TOO DARK UP THERE TO SEE ANYONE-- WONDER IF LAFFER IS DEAD ?



NO -- HE'S KNOCKED OUT COLD, THOUGH! PAID, WE'VE GOT TO STOP THIS MURDERER BEFORE HE GETS ALL OF US! QUICK! WATCH THE LADDERS FROM THE WALKS!

OH-HH-UHHH!



AS JEFF MOVES TO ONE SIDE OF THE STAGE --

HEY, THERE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT SCENERY?

JUST MOVING IT BACK STAGE TO GET IT OUT OF THE WAY!



WELL, LEAVE IT -- GOOD HEAVENS! THE KEY IS GLOWING AGAIN! DANGER IS NEAR!



HEY, I SAID STOP -- LEAVE THAT SCENERY WHERE IT IS!!

BUT--

PALO -- GET THAT MAN! I'LL TRY TO DISCONNECT THIS THING!

YOU CAN'T -- YOU CAN'T!

I GET HIM!

JEFF MOVES BEHIND THE MAN AND SEES...

HA! HA!
YOU'RE TOO LATE
-- IT'LL KILL US ALL!

A BOMB! PALO -- QUICK!

MADE IT -- WHEW!!

THE HYSTERICAL
STAGE MANAGER
BABBLES A FULL
CONFESSION...

YES I KILLED THEM!
I'LL KILL ALL OF
THEM! THEY WOULDN'T
LET ME ACT-- THEY
LAUGHED AT ME!! I'M
A GREAT ACTOR, BUT
THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE
ME SO I KILLED
THEM!

THE POLICE ARRIVE AND TAKE MEEKS INTO CUSTODY!

MEEKS IS
OBVIOUSLY
A MENTAL
CASE--

THAT'S WHAT I
WANTED TO TELL YOU--
I SAW MEEKS PUT
POISON ON CORYNNE'S
FLOWERS -- THEN MELROCK
SAW ME AND I KNEW I'D
BE BLAMED! IT WAS
TOO LATE TO HELP
CORYNNE SO I TRIED TO
PROTECT MYSELF!

GUESS I HAD YOU
ALL WRONG, LAFFER!
I'M SORRY -- LET'S
SHAKE!

YOU MEAN
YOU'LL GIVE
ME ANOTHER
CHANCE... THANKS!

I DON'T THINK
MEEKS FIGURED ON
THROWING THE BLAME
ONTO LAFFER AT ALL...
WHAT THREW ME OFF,
WERE THOSE CON-
FOUNDED ROSES!

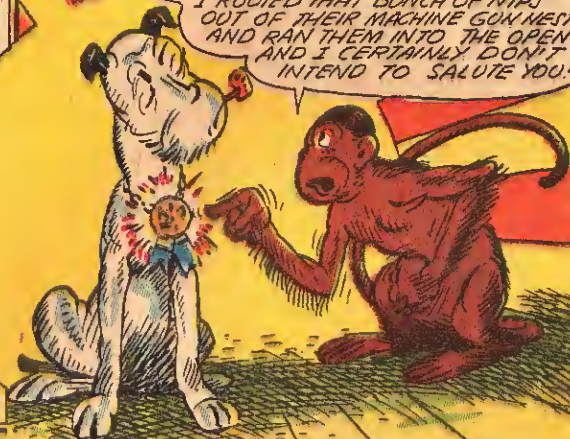
IT IS EASY TO SOLVE
CRIME ONCE YOU
GET THE
KEYS!

DR QUICK AND PALO WILL BE BACK WITH
THE KEY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
KEY COMICS! WATCH FOR IT ON THE
NEWS STANDS!

MASCOT MONKEYSHINES!!!

HOCH AND POCH, TWO MASCOTS OF THE MARINES, AND THEIR LEATHERNECK PALS ARE ON AN ISLAND SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC... THIS ISLAND IS IN THE HANDS OF THE JAPS, BUT THE MARINES HAVE MADE A LANDING AND ARE HANGING ON IN THE FACE OF HEAVY MACHINE GUN FIRE. HOCH, THE MONKEY, OUTWITS THE JAPS BUT POCH, SOMEHOW GETS THE PRAISE AND THE MEDAL.

DON'T GET SO HIGH HAT BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT THAT MEDAL - I'M THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE WEARING IT! I ROUTED THAT BUNCH OF NIPS OUT OF THEIR MACHINE GUN NEST AND RAN THEM INTO THE OPEN - AND I CERTAINLY DON'T INTEND TO SALUTE YOU!



LISTEN, YOU FLEA-BITTEN, BROKEN-DOWN BABOON, ARE YOU TRYIN' TO MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF ME? YOU'LL SALUTE ME, OR ELSE!

HA-HA-HA! WITH A TAIL LIKE THAT! NO-NO! NOTHING COULD MAKE YOU ONE OF MY KIND!



IF YOU WERE A MONKEY, YOU'D NEVER ACCEPT A MEDAL UNDER FALSE PRETENCES! WHY, YOU COWARD, WHEN THOSE NIP BULLETS BEGAN TO SING AROUND YOU, YOU HIGH-TAILED IT... WHY, YOU ... EVEN THOUGHT THEY WERE BEES! PHOOEY!



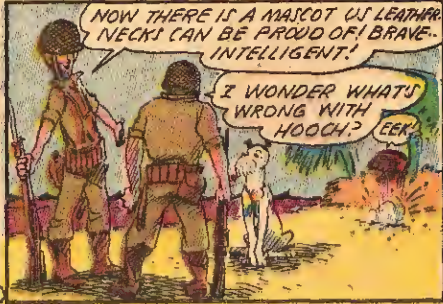
GO ON, YOU POOR LITTLE ANCESTOR OF THESE 'HEARKIN' MONKEY MEN, IT'S NOTHIN' TO ME WHAT YOU THINK!

EEK - BLANK BLANKETY BLANK!!!



NOW THERE IS A MASCOT US LEATHERNECKS CAN BE PROUD OF! BRAVE- INTELLIGENT!

I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG WITH HOCH? EEK!





COME ON, POOCH. TIME WE WAS PUTTIN' ON TH' FEED BAG. YOU'LL GIT TH' BEST CHOW IN TH' MESS - YOU SHOULD BE EATIN' WITH TH' OFFICERS!



CHATTER CHATTER

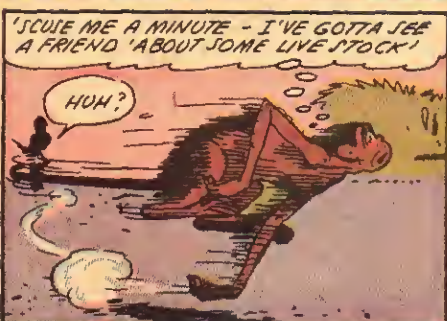
WOOF, YOU'VE GOTTA GIT BUNT AND REDEEM YOURSELF - HEY, WHAT'S TH' MATTER, HAVE YOU GOT FLEAS?



HUH? FLEAS?!

SOMETHIN' COOKIN' AND IT'S NOT GOOD FOR THAT DOG, I'LL BET!

SCRATCH



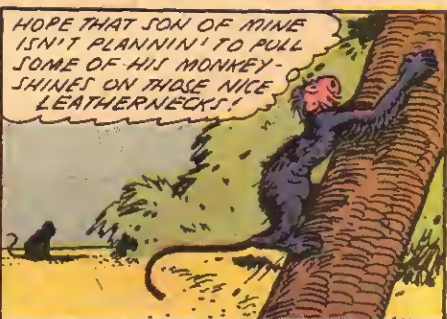
'SCUSE ME A MINUTE - I'VE GOTTA SEE A FRIEND 'ABOUT SOME LIVE STOCK'

HUH?



HEY, POP, CAN YOU GET ME A BAG FULL OF THE HUNGRIEST, MOST FEROCIOUS FLEAS, CAN YOU, HUH?

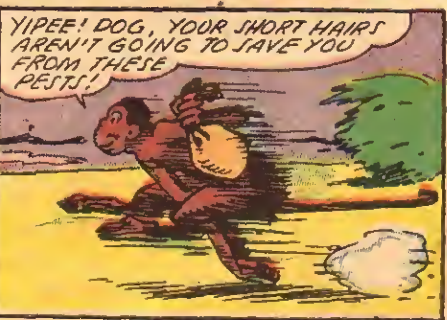
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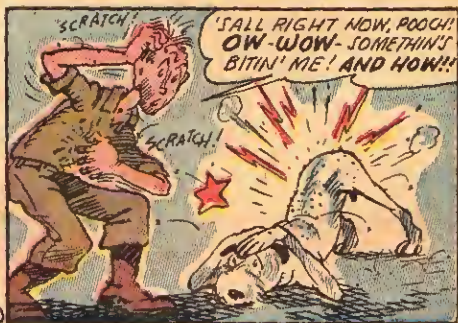
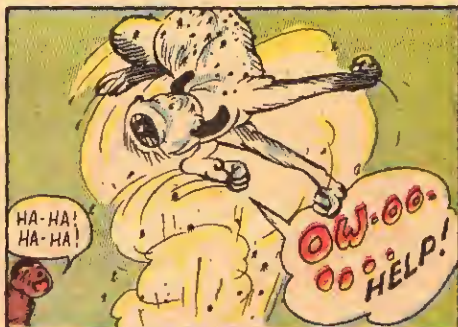
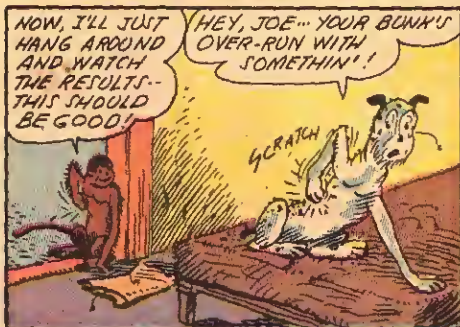
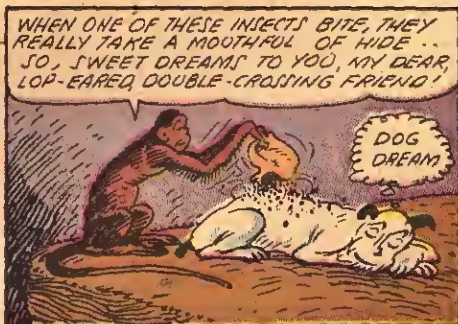
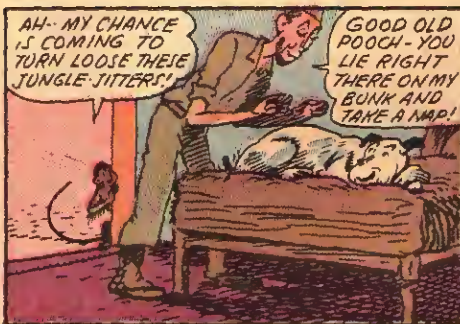
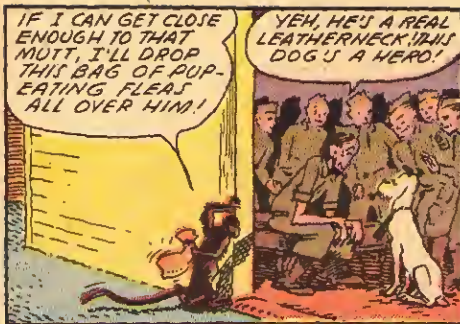
HOPPE THAT SON OF MINE ISN'T PLANNIN' TO PULL SOME OF HIS MONKEY-SHINES ON THOSE NICE LEATHERNECKS!

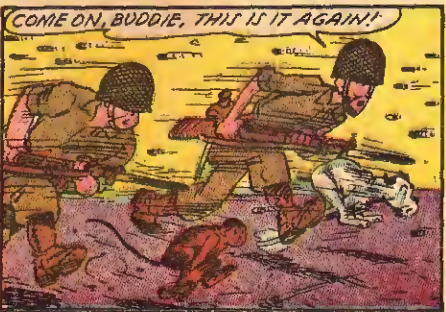
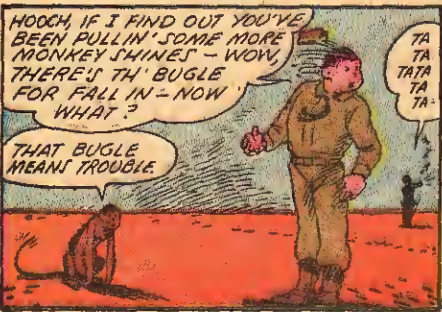
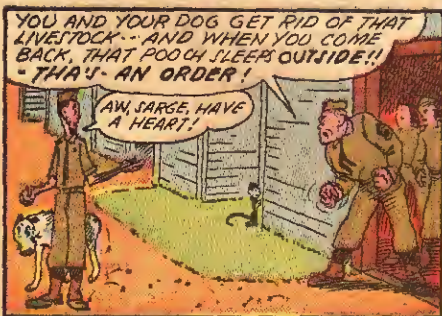
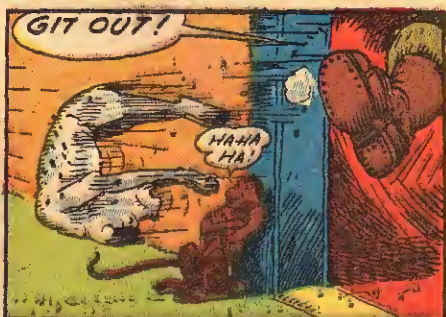
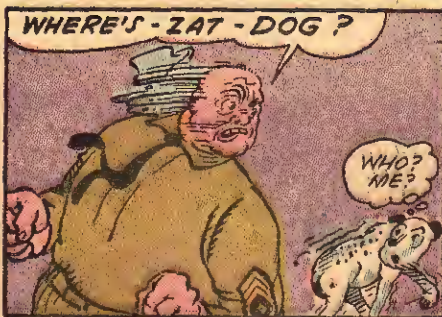
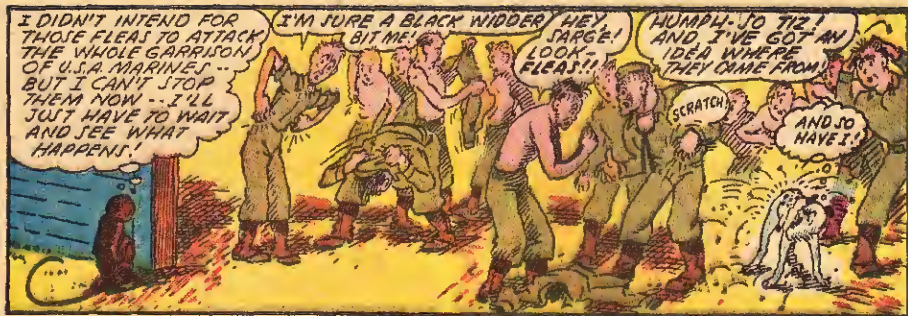


HERE THEY ARE, SON! THEY AIN'T BEEN FED FOR OVER A WEEK! BE CAREFUL-- THEY'LL TEAR TH' SKIN OFF 'N A ELEPHANT, IF THEY GIT LOOSE!



YIPPEE! DOG, YOUR SHORT HAIRS AREN'T GOING TO SAVE YOU FROM THESE PESTS!





I WONDER WHY OUR
PALS ARE RUNNING
INTO THE JUNGLE?
IT'S NOT LIKE
THEM TO RUN
AWAY!

WE'RE SURROUNDED
BY MONKEY MEN,
YOU DOPE!



NOW WE SHALL PROCEED UP ON OUR JOURNEY
INTO THE JUNGLE - THE HOME OF MY
ANCESTORS - WHEREIN WE SHALL MEDITATE
UPON WAYS AND MEANS OF HELPING OUR
GOOD FRIENDS THE U.S. MARINES!

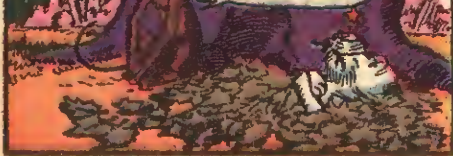


HUH -- I DON'T SEE OR
HEAR NOTHIN' -- YOU'RE
JUST SCARED OF YOUR
SHADOW!

EVEN IF A NIP
BULLET DID HIT
THAT THICK SKULL
OF YOURS, IT WOULD
NEVER PENETRATE
YOUR THICK ARMOR
-- BUT I HAVE
HOPES!



-- YOU JUST LIE THERE AND REST --
I'VE GIVEN YOU FIRST AID -- YOU'LL LIVE
TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY -- I HOPE!
NOW, I SHALL GO AND ASSIST OUR FRIENDS
MAYBE I'LL WIN MANY MEDALS -- WHILE YOU
LIE HERE WOUNDED AND
HIDDEN AWAY, YOU --
YOU COWARD!

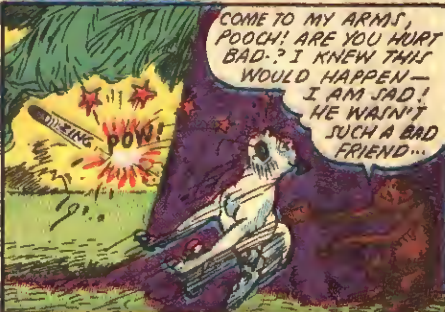


MONKEY MEN!! THAT'S ALL I HEAR FROM
YOU -- I'VE TOLD YOU, WE MONKEYS ARE
NOT SUCH LOW-LIVED ANIMALS AS THOSE
JAPANESE ARE!! SO LET THERE BE A LESSON
TO YOU -- NEVER AGAIN
CALL THEM MONKEY
MEN!



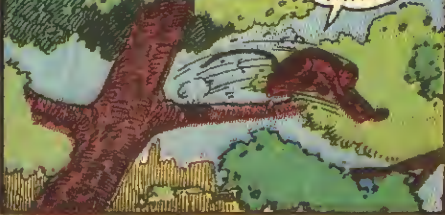
HEY, DID YOU SIC
THEM MAN-EATIN'
FLEAS ON ME
BACK THERE AT
TH' BARRACKS?

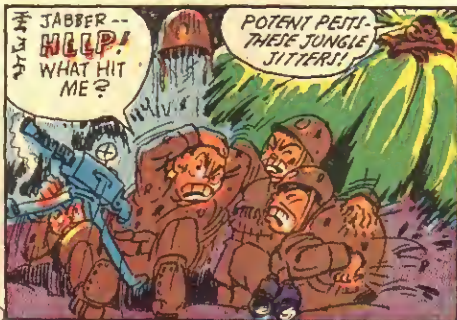
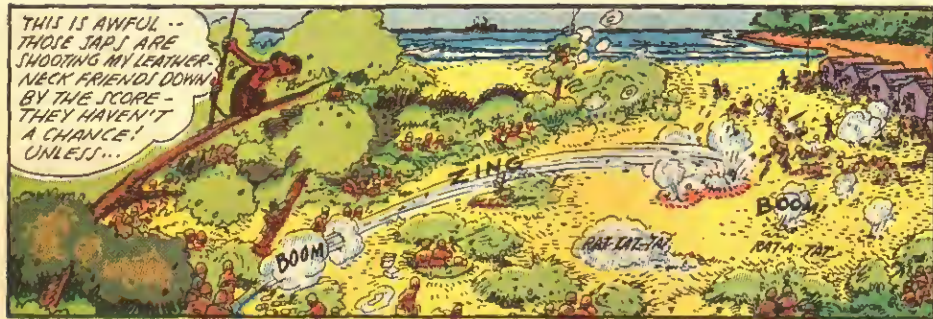
SPEAK NOT OF SUCH
AT THIS TIME! FOR,
IF YOU WILL STICK
YOUR NECK OUT SO
THAT YOUR CRANIUM
EXTENDS BEYOND THE
TREE, YOU WILL FIND
THERE IS A WAR GOING
ON! TRY IT, MY FRIEND.

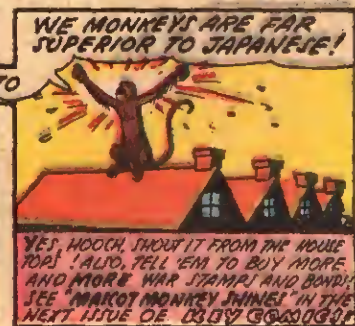
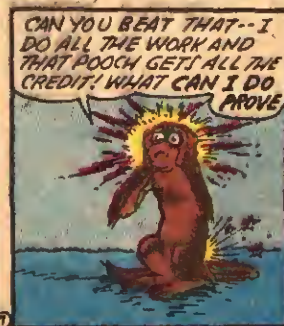
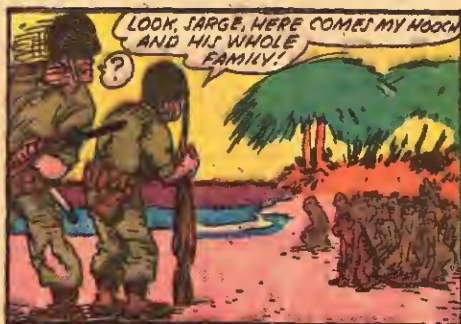


COME TO MY ARMS,
POOCH! ARE YOU HURT
BAD? I KNEW THIS
WOULD HAPPEN --
I AM SAD --
HE WASN'T
SUCH A BAD
FRIEND...

I'LL DO A BIT OF "RECONNOITERING," AS THE
LEATHER NECKS WOULD SAY! POOCH WAS
ONE OF THOSE "EXPENDABLES" AND IT'S
JUST AS WELL -- HE'D ONLY BE IN MY
WAY!





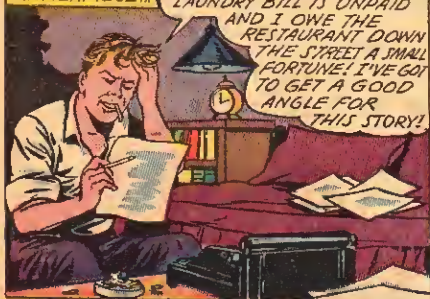


The Case of the Reckless Writer

THE PERFECT CRIME WAS TO BE DANNY DEE'S TICKET TO FAME AND FORTUNE -- BUT HE DID NOT KNOW WHAT PRICE HE WOULD HAVE TO PAY TO MAKE HIS AMBITIONS COME TRUE! IS TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION? IS THE PRICE OF SUCCESS TOO HIGH? DOES CRIME PAY? BUT--READ ON.



IN A STUDIO APARTMENT IN GREENWICH VILLAGE, DANNY DEE STRUGGLES WITH HIS LATEST MASTERPIECE...



HEY... WHY
COULDN'T I MAKE
THIS THE PERFECT
CRIME NOVEL?
NOW I'M
COOKIN'!



AND I CAN CALL
IT "CRIME RUNS
AWAY"



DANNY DELVES INTO
THE MYSTERIES OF
MURDER ---

HUH... POISON WOULDN'T
BE SO SMART, I GUESS...
SAYS HERE ALL THAT STUFF
CAN BE TRACED! UNLESS...
SURE, HE COULD USE
THOSE PILLS
THAT BRING ON
HEART ATTACKS!

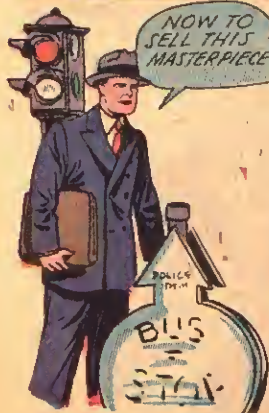


AND AFTER MANY DAYS OF STEADY WORK...

WHEW! IT'S
FINISHED! AND
BOY, THAT
CRIME IS
PERFECT!

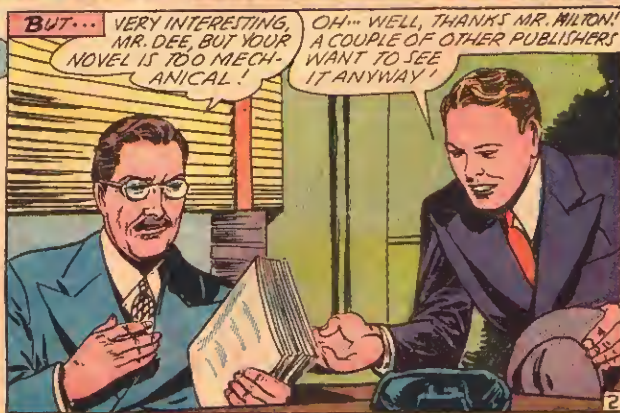


NOW TO
SELL THIS
MASTERPIECE!



BUT... VERY INTERESTING,
MR. DEE, BUT YOUR
NOVEL IS TOO MECH-
ANICAL!

OH... WELL, THANKS MR. MILTON!
A COUPLE OF OTHER PUBLISHERS
WANT TO SEE
IT ANYWAY!



DANNY MAKES
THE ROUNDS
OF THE
PUBLISHERS...

NOPE--
NOT
INTERESTED!

SORRY--
CAN'T
USE
IT!

HOWEVER, ONE
FAINT RAY OF
HOPE APPEARS...

WELL, MELON
IS MY LAST
HOPE...
HE COULD
HAVE IT FOR
A BUCK NOW!

WE HAVE OUR
QUOTA OF
MYSTERY
BOOKS THIS
YEAR, MR. DEE!

BUT THE FOLLOWING
DAYS BRING NO HOPE--

I'LL GO CRAZY IF I
HAVE TO WAIT ANY
LONGER-- I'M
GOING TO SEE
MELON TODAY!

DANNY DASHES OVER TO THE OFFICES
OF THE QUINTETTE PUBLICATIONS!

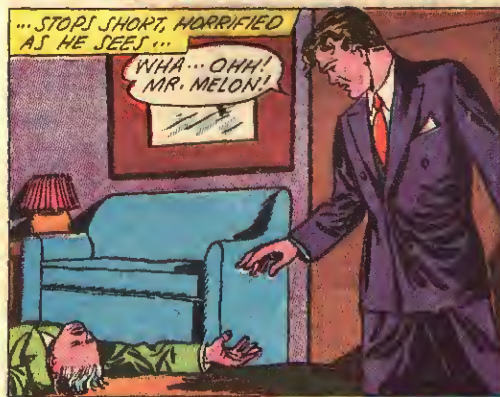
HMM-- SECRETARY'S
OUT! MAYBE I COULD
SNEAK INTO THE
OFFICE AND
TALK TO
MELON
HIMSELF!

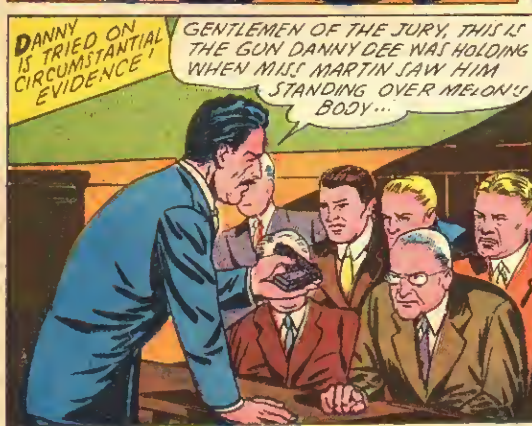
HOWEVER--
UH-OH!

HEY--WHERE
ARE YOU GOING?

YOU CAN'T GO IN
THERE-- THAT'S
MR. MELON'S
OFFICE!

BUT... I
WANT TO
SEE HIM!





WITH NO SPIRIT LEFT TO FIGHT HIS UNJUST SENTENCE, DANNY IS BROUGHT TO THE PRISON...

MONTHS PASS...

WELL, THIS IS YOUR NEW HOME, DANNY!

HOME -- YEAH!



... THEN ONE DAY...

PACKAGE FOR YOU, DANNY...

FOR ME? HOW... WHO'D BE SENDING ME ANYTHING? I HAVE NO FRIENDS!



HEY... WHAT IS THIS? A JOKE? THIS IS MY BOOK -- "CRIME RUNS AWAY"!



HA! HA! FUNNY, UN'T IT? DANNY DEE WRITES THE PERFECT CRIME AND GETS LIFE FOR MURDER HE DIDN'T COMMIT!



BUT, WAIT! MY OWN STORY IS BETTER THAN ANYTHING I COULD MAKE UP... I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT CRIME WHEN I WROTE THIS -- I DO NOW!



AND SO, DANNY STARTS TO WRITE A NEW BOOK--A TRUE STORY!

NOBODY'LL BELIEVE IT... BUT WHAT DO I CARE?

HOWEVER...

EVERYTHING WORKS OUT FINE BUT, HOW CAN I END IT? I'M STUMPED! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE END IS GOING TO BE!

HEY, SLUG--I THINK THE KIDS GONE STIR CRAZY!

YEAH--HE KEEPS TALKING ABOUT ENDIN' IT! BETTER WATCH HIM!

THEN, ONE DAY, DANNY'S PROBLEM IS SOLVED HELLO, DANNY... I'M FRANKBY A VISITOR ...

FENTON OF THE STATE PAROLE BOARD!

DANNY, WE OWE YOU AN APOLOGY... EVIDENCE HAS BEEN UNCOVERED TO PROVE THAT MELON COMMITTED SUICIDE! YOU'RE FREE, DANNY, AND CLEARED OF ALL SUSPICION! YOU WERE INNOCENT!

F-FREE? THAT'S IT! THAT'S THE END!

WHEE...THE END OF MY BOOK...I'VE GOT IT! INNOCENT---AND FREE!

DANNY... CONTROL YOURSELF!

DANNY'S NEW NOVEL IS A SENSATION... HIS SUCCESS CARRIES HIM TO THE TOP OF THE LADDER... BUT, CRIME IN MY LIFE IS HIS FIRST AND LAST MYSTERY NOVEL!

"I WOULDN'T BE FREE IF I HAD NOT BEEN INNOCENT. TRUTH ALWAYS COMES OUT!"

Two for One

TEXAS Ranger Lem Turner entered the narrow wooded trail cautiously, forcing Mike Grogan to ride ahead of him.

Grogan's hands were tied to the saddle horn, and Lem wasn't worrying about him—he was thinking of Captain Craig's words, "Be careful Lem, Grogan's pals, Shorty Tompkin and Slim Burrows have escaped from jail. They might try to ambush you."

Lem's job was to take Grogan to the State Prison where escape was unheard of. Once Grogan was behind bars he would have no chance to get away like Slim and Shorty did from Cactus City's two by four sheriff's office.

Suddenly, Spot, Lem's brown and white horse, pricked its ears as it tossed its head upright. Lem allowed Spot to stop, and his gun swept into his hand.

"Wait a minute, Grogan," Lem ordered.

A gun roared up ahead, its flash barely piercing the fog—and a bullet whined past Lem's head. Lem's gun answered quickly, then there was a moment of silence.

Lem turned swiftly in the saddle at the sound of crunching underbrush . . . too late, he saw Shorty Tompkin taking careful aim. A bullet creased his head and he fell from Spot's back.

"Think I should put another bullet into the Ranger just to make sure he's dead?" Shorty asked.

Grogan laughed, then answered, "No. If he ain't dead, he will be before anybody finds him. We'll just take his hoss, so that he can't go any place too quick."

But Spot had already run away.

LEM opened his eyes in time to see the three badmen vanishing into the fog. He held his hand to his head. The blood was beginning to form a crust and he knew that he wasn't hurt too badly. He got to his knees and crawled over the ground, his hands searching for his gun. He found it a few feet away from where he had fallen.

He whistled softly, then listened. No sound penetrated the musty stillness. He whistled louder and listened again. This time he heard the sound of racing hoofs in the distance, and in a minute Spot rushed up to him.

As he mounted Spot, Lem reasoned as to where they would go. He could think of but one logical place. They would cross the desert to the badlands, and seek refuge there.

He spurred Spot on. A wind was beginning to kick up in the direction of the desert. All signs pointed to a sand-storm, and if the three men were able to race across the desert ahead of it, he'd have little chance of finding them in the badlands.

The woods thinned out and a wide expanse of plain lay ahead. As Spot dashed through the low grass, Lem looked toward the low ridge of hills in the distance. Three specks were moving along the trail that led to the desert on the other side.

Lem felt the gun in the holster and leaned forward in the saddle. The wind was rippling the grass now. It would be kicking up clouds of sand in the desert. Grogan and his pals might not want to cross the desert in the face of the storm. They might decide to camp at the edge of the desert. This would be his opportunity—if he could outshoot their three guns.

A half hour of fast running brought Lem to the bottom of the hills. The wind was howling as he gave Spot his head and allowed him to pick his way slowly up the path.

At the top of the path, Lem dismounted and crept behind a boulder. Grogan and his pals were down below. They were looking hesitantly toward the fury that was sweeping the desert sands!

Lem's gun flashed into his hand. He had to take Grogan alive. But he didn't particularly care about Slim and Shorty. The country would be better off without them and their kind.

Grogan and Slim were huddled close together, making it difficult to be sure of whom he would hit. Shorty was separated from them by a few feet.

Lem's gun spoke, and almost before the sound of the explosion died away Shorty threw up his hands, then fell to the ground.

Grogan and Slim were quick to jump from their horses and dodge behind protecting rocks. Their answering bullets came danegrously close to Lem and he crawled along the ground to another position.

WHEN Lem peered down at his prey again, Slim was racing toward the rock behind which Grogan was concealed. Lem squeezed the trigger twice; the bullets dug into the ground behind the racing figure.

Lem knew that he couldn't chance killing Grogan. He'd have to get closer if he were going to take him alive. Again crawling along the ground, he reached the trail that led down to the desert's edge. Stealthily he went down the hill. If he could reach the bottom unobserved, he would be able to surprise Grogan and Slim.

But there was no one behind the rock which the men had used for protection! Lem looked toward the raging desert; two riders were being enveloped in the swirling sand.

Lem leaned down and examined Shorty. He was dead. Lem whistled, and while he waited for Spot to come to him, he took the bandana from Shorty's neck.

Using Shorty's bandana as a shield for Spot's eyes, he tied his own neck-piece about his face. Then he was fighting the blinding sand-storm.

Making use of his sense of direction, he rode due east, knowing that he could reach the badlands if he traveled in a straight line.

Two hours of torture followed. The stinging sand beat unmercifully against man and horse, and Lem was thankful when he noticed that the storm was receding.

The wind finally ceased, and Lem removed the bandana from his sand-caked face. The hills of the badlands were only a short distance away, and Grogan and Slim were between him and the hills.

Lem slid the gun from the holster and took careful aim. This was Slim's death warrant. He pulled the trigger—but nothing happened. The gun, like everything else about him, was loaded with sand.

Coaxing Spot to give every ounce of strength in him, Lem spurred after the badmen.

They became aware of his presence when only a hundred yards separated them. Their guns flashed to their hands, and dull clicks answered their finger pressure. Frantic, they tried to urge their weary horses on.

Grogan's horse pulled ahead and Lem caught Slim as he tried to enter one of the many paths that wound through the badlands. Jumping at Slim, Lem brought him to the ground.

Desperate, Slim fought madly against capture, but Lem's fists beat into his face, and finally he lay exhausted.

Lem took Slim's lariat from the saddle horn and tied his hands and feet. Then, anxiously, he jumped into his own saddle. He couldn't allow Grogan too much time or he would get away.

GROGAN'S horse stood nibbling on a clump of bushes, and Grogan himself seemed to have vanished, when Lem reached the top of a hill. With a sweeping glance, Lem saw the boulder-studded surface, and the rope bridge that stretched across a twelve-foot gap to another hill.

Lem jumped to the ground. Apparently Grogan had left his horse behind and crossed the bridge on foot. The bridge would not have held both of their weights. Lem walked carefully across the bridge, for it showed signs of being none too strong.

ACOLD chill swept over Lem as he surveyed the flat surface of the second hill. There was evidence of some prospector having dug there, perhaps years before; and undoubtedly he had built the bridge. But now there was nothing left. The top of the hill was an isolated spot, with the only approach or retreat from it, the bridge. The top surface extended over the side, making it impossible for anyone to scale the walls.

"A trap," Lem told himself. And even as the warning passed through his mind, there was a loud thud behind him, followed by a hideous laugh.

Lem turned toward the bridge—it was gone! And on the other hill, Grogan, with a sharp-edged stone in his hand, stood laughing.

"Stay there, Ranger, and die!" Grogan shouted.

Grogan rushed at Spot and attempted to grab the reins. Spot reared on his hind legs and kicked. Frightened, Grogan mounted his own horse and started down the trail.

Lem looked at the gap between the two hills, then at Spot. He stepped back from the edge of the hill and whistled.

Spot knew what to do. He allowed himself room to gather speed, then he leaped gracefully across the gap.

"Good boy!" Lem said as he swung into the saddle. "Now we'll surprise Mike Grogan."

Spot carried Lem safely across the gap, then raced down the trail.

Lem took his lariat and held it ready. Grogan was busy untying Slim and he was startled as Lem reached the bottom of the hill.

The loop of the lariat shot out and found its way around Grogan's shoulders.

As Lem yanked Grogan off his feet, he smiled and said, "Not bad, Pardner. We start out to take one badman to prison, and now we'll deliver two."

THE END.

DICK DASH

AMERICAN BOY
IN NAZI-OCCUPIED LANDS.



DICK DASH, AMERICAN SCHOOL BOY IN FRANCE, LEAVES HIS FRIENDS WHEN THE NAZIS OCCUPY THE COUNTRY AND ATTEMPTS TO REACH HIS PARENTS IN PARIS!



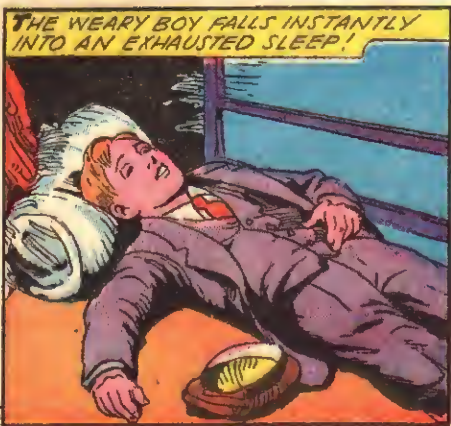
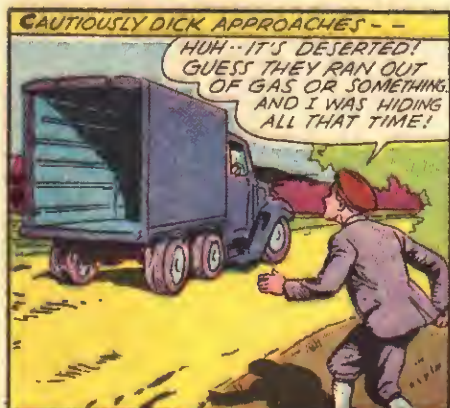
DICK SEES HIS BELOVED TEACHER, DR RENOIR, SAFELY OVER THE SWISS BORDER THEN TURNS BACK INTO FRANCE!

GOSH, I HATE TO SEE THEM GO-- BUT, I'LL STAND A BETTER CHANCE ALONE ANYHOW!



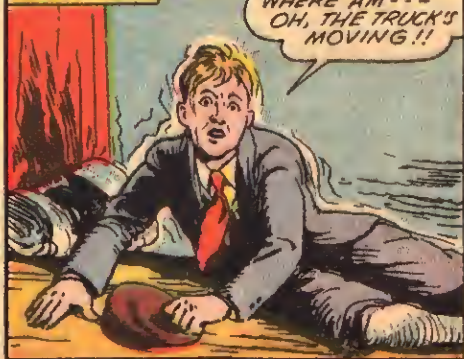
BUT, AS DICK RETRACES HIS STEPS-- THERE'S A GERMAN LORRY DOWN THE ROAD -- I'D BETTER DUCK!





HOURS LATER, DICK IS JOSTLED OUT OF HIS SLEEP!

WHERE AM ---
OH, THE TRUCK'S
MOVING!!



IT'S DAYLIGHT! GOSH,
WE'RE TRAVELLING
FAST -- WONDER
WHERE WE'RE
GOING? PARIS,
I HOPE!



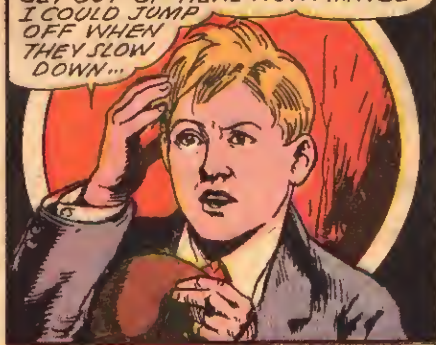
DICK MOVES TO THE REAR OF THE VAN
AND PRESSES HIS EAR AGAINST THE
PARTITION --

WE ARE DETAILED
TO ROICE -- WHAT
ARE DER
ORDERS?

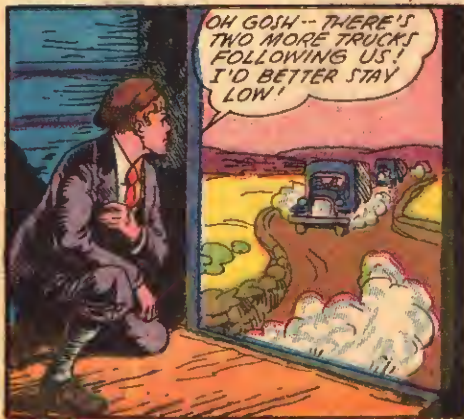
WE VILL CONFISCATE
DER FOOD STUFF
OF DER VILLAGE
FOR DER USE OF
DER GERMAN
SOLDIERS!



ROICE! THAT'S ONLY SIXTY MILES
FROM PARIS!! I WONDER HOW I'LL
GET OUT OF HERE NOW! MAYBE
I COULD JUMP
OFF WHEN
THEY SLOW
DOWN...



OH GOSH -- THERE'S
TWO MORE TRUCKS
FOLLOWING US!
I'D BETTER STAY
LOW!



DICK HAS HAD NO CHANCE TO ESCAPE
WHEN THE TRUCKS ENTER THE
VILLAGE OF ROICE --

OUR SOLDIERS ALREADY
SEARCH FOR HIDDEN FOOD!



THEY'LL START LOADING ANY MINUTE --MAYBE I CAN SNEAK OUT WHILE THEY'RE BUSY-- IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!



UNNOTICED, DICK SUCCEEDS IN SLIPPING FROM THE TRUCK AND HIDING BEHIND A STONE FENCE!



▲ SMALL FRENCH BOY IS THE ONLY WITNESS!

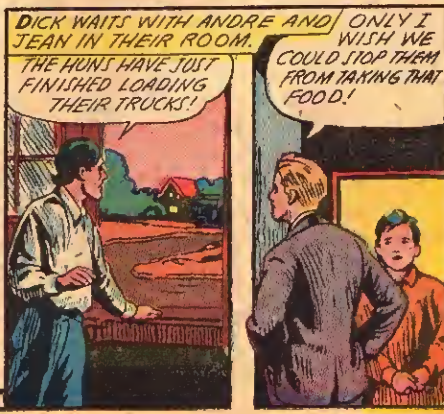


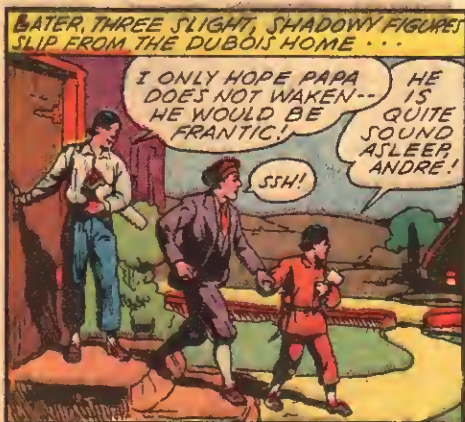


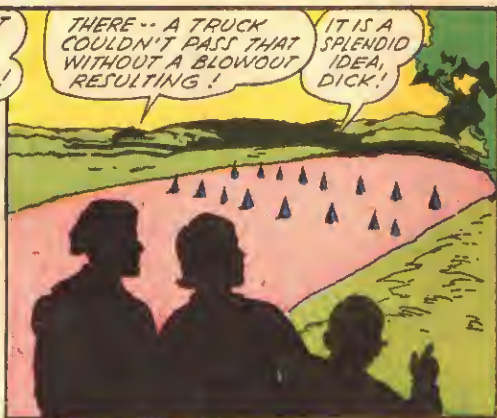
MOMENTS LATER, THE BOYS' FATHER ENTERS --

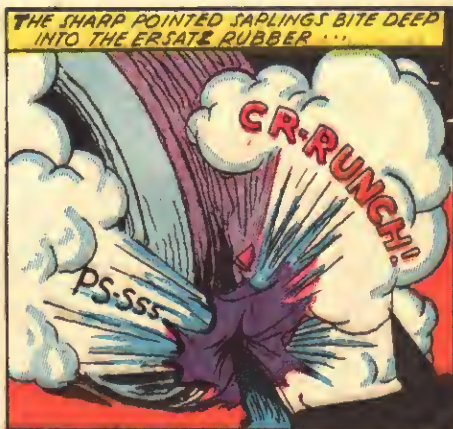
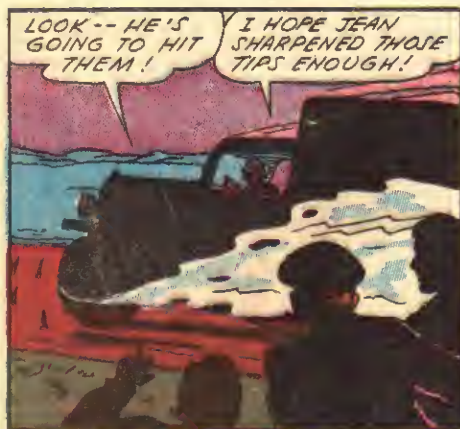


DICK TELLS HIS STORY TO MONSIEUR DUBOIS!









THE SECOND DRIVER LOSES CONTROL AS HE IS HIT BY THE THIRD TRUCK!

CRASH!

HIMMEL!

THERE GO THE SWINE... TO THEIR DEATHS IN THE RIVER BELOW!

THAT WILL TEACH THEM TO STEAL FOOD... EH, WHERE DID JEAN GO?

DO NOT WORRY ABOUT JEAN--HE WAS PROBABLY FRIGHTENED AND RAN FOR HOME! C'MON--WE'VE GOT TO REMOVE ALL EVIDENCE!

LATER... WELL, WE'VE REMOVED ALL SAPLINGS FROM THE ROAD AND SMOOTHED IT OUT... NO-ONE WOULD KNOW ANYTHING HAD BEEN THERE!

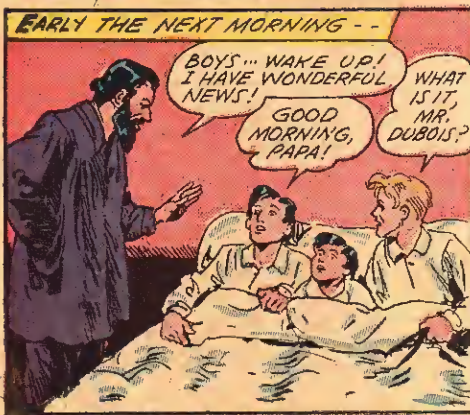
COME--WE LEAVE NOW!

QUIET... SOMEONE'S COMING THROUGH THE WOODS!

YES... OH, IT IS PROBABLY JEAN! I'LL CALL...

A...A NAZI!

SO... SWINEHUND KINDER! WRECK DER SUPPLY LORRIES! I VILL SHOOT YOUR HEADS OFF!



The INFANTRY.

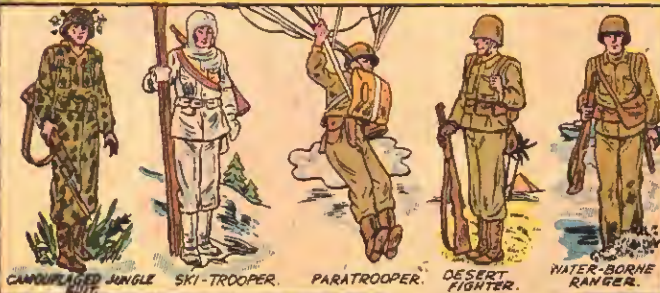
THIS IS THE INFANTRY—TRULY "QUEEN OF THE BATTLE" ONE OF THE OLDEST ARMS OF FIGHTING FORMATIONS, IT DATES BACK TO THE ROMAN LEGIONS. YET IT IS THE LEAST "GLAMORIZED" OF ALL THE SERVICES.

U.S.



THE INFANTRY OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY WAS ORIGINALLY FORMED UNDER THE TACTICS AND DISCIPLINES BROUGHT TO THEM BY SOME OF THE BEST EUROPEAN MILITARY LEADERS OF THE 18TH CENTURY LAFAYETTE, VON STEUBEN, KOSCIUSKO, TO MENTION A FEW IT HAS DISTINGUISHED ITSELF FOR OVER A CENTURY AND A HALF OF SERVICE—AND WON EVERY WAR

THE MODERN U.S. INFANTRYMAN IS A HIGHLY SPECIALIZED WARRIOR TRAINED AND OUTFITTED TO FIGHT IN EVERY CLIME.



CAMOUFLAGED JUNGLE

SKI-TROOPER.

PARATROOPER.

DESERT FIGHTER.

WATER-BORNE RANGER.

The GALE LEARY WILL O' THE WISP



OH, FATHER -- THAT TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE HAS UPSET ME SO! I CAN STILL SEE RED -- HEAR HIM SCREAMING AS HE DIED!

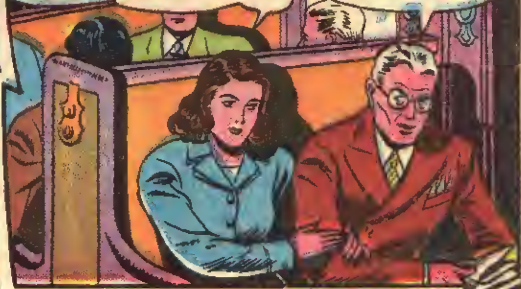
WE BOTH NEED A REST, GALE, DEAR! HOW WOULD CALIFORNIA SOUND TO YOU?



SO, A FEW DAYS LATER, GALE AND HER FATHER SET OUT FOR THE WEST COAST!

NOW REMEMBER, DAD -- WE'RE NOT GOING TO THINK OF ANYTHING BUT FUN!

WE HAVEN'T HAD A VACATION IN A LONG TIME!



DAYS LATER, SAN FRANCISCO...

GOSH, I'LL BE GLAD TO GET TO THE HOTEL AND REST!

SO WILL I! THE TRIP HAS EXHAUSTED ME!



BUT, AT THE SIXTH HOTEL...

VERY SORRY, MISS NO VACANCIES...

WHAT CAN I DO? MY FATHER IS A SICK MAN -- HE CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE...



WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, DAD? THERE'S NO ROOM ANYWHERE!

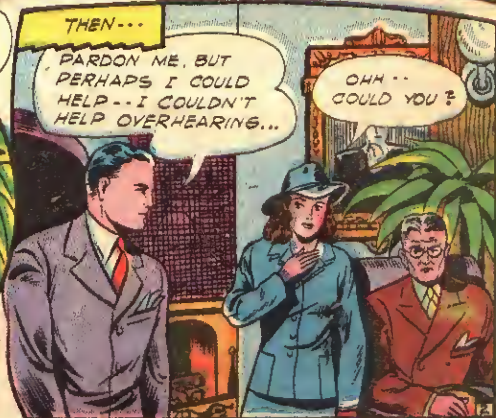
IF I'D HAD ANY SENSE, I'D HAVE WIRED AHEAD!

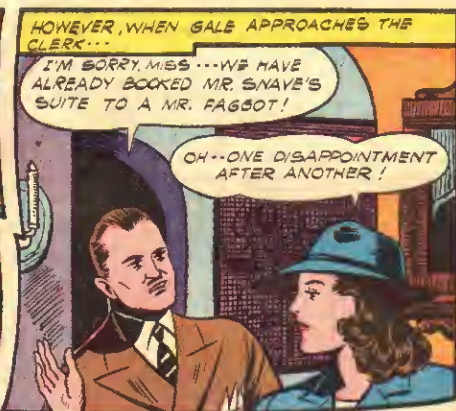


THEN...

PARDON ME, BUT PERHAPS I COULD HELP -- I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING...

OH -- COULD YOU?





AT THE RANCH HOUSE SOME TIME LATER...

HERE IT IS, FOLKS--
VILLA VIDA!

OH, JACK, WHAT A
BEAUTIFUL PLACE!



I'LL CARRY THE BAGS
UP--YOU JUST RELAX!
I KNOW YOU MUST
BE VERY TIRED!

YOU KNOW, JACK,
I'M GLAD WE
COULDN'T GET
ROOMS AT A
HOTEL!



THAT EVENING AS THE SUN
SETS BEHIND THE HILLS...

HOW DO YOU
LIKE IT HERE,
MR. LEARY?

IT'S WONDER-
FUL--MY
DAUGHTER
TELLS ME
THAT YOU AND
YOUR FATHER LIVE
HERE ALONE!



COMPANY--HUH? WONDER
WHO THEY ARE?

SAY--AREN'T
THEY THE MEN WHO
GOT YOUR ROOMS
AT THE HOTEL?



WE WANT
TO SEE MR.
SNAVE!

I GUESS YOU
MEAN MY
FATHER--HE
SHOULD BE HOME
SOON! WON'T YOU
COME IN AND WAIT?



AT THAT MOMENT GALE COMES DOWN TO
JOIN THE MEN ON THE PORCH...

OH--MORE COMP..WHY, IT'S THE
MEN WHO BEAT US TO THE HOTEL
ROOMS! I DIDN'T REALIZE JACK
KNEW THEM!



HERE YOU ARE, GALE--!
WANT YOU TO MEET MR.
FAGGOT AND MR. DOWNS!
PERHAPS WE'D BETTER
WAIT INSIDE FOR DAD--
GETTING CHILLY OUT
HERE NOW!

IT IS
COOLER NOW
THAT THE SUN'S
GONE DOWN!

HOW DO
YOU DO!



SALE SITS QUIETLY WHILE THE
MEN TALK...

FUNNY--JACK DOESN'T SEEM
TO KNOW THESE MEN AT ALL!
YET TO LISTEN TO THEM, THEY
MUST BE GREAT FRIENDS OF
HIS FATHER'S!

IT'S GETTING SORT OF
LATE--MAYBE WE'D
BETTER COME BACK
TOMORROW!

WELL, IF YOU'D RATHER
BUT DAD SHOULD BE
HOME ANY MINUTE!

AS JACK SPEAKS, THERE IS A STEP ON THE PORCH--
THE DOOR OPENS--AND...

OH--HERE HE
IS NOW!

GOOD THING WE
WAITED!

...MR. SNAVE ENTERS.

HELLO, JACK!
OHHH--COMPANY!

A HEAVY SILENCE GREETES THE NEW-
COMER!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH EVERYONE? DAD, YOU
LOOK AS IF YOU'D SEEN A GHOST! ARE YOU OKAY?
UH, I WANT YOU TO MEET SALE LEARY AND HER
DAD--AND MR. FAGGOT'S BEEN WAITING SOME TIME
TO SEE YOU!

COME ON INTO THE
STUDY, FAGGOT! UH,
EXCUSE US, PLEASE!

GLAD YOU GOT
HERE, SNAVE!

ER--CERTAINLY!



MEANTIME, GREG LEARY AWAKENS WITH THE FEELING THAT SOMEONE IS IN HIS ROOM!

W-HO IS IT?
WHO'S THERE?

IT'S JUST ME, MR.
LEARY... I WANTED
TO MAKE SURE YOU
WERE COMFORTABLE!

OH... IT'S YOU, EV...
SNAKE! WAIT, I'LL
SNAP ON THE
LIGHT!

I'VE HAD THE STRANGEST
FEELING THAT WE'VE MET
BEFORE! YOU REMIND ME
OF THE MAN WHO
CRIPPLED ME...

OH...
I DO?

YES... BOSS EVANS
WAS HIS NAME!
COINCIDENCE THAT
YOUR NAME IS THE
SAME IN REVERSE!

LEARY... I'M GOING
TO KILL YOU! I
SHOULD HAVE DONE
IT YEARS AGO!

HOWEVER, AS EVANS DRAWS A GUN FROM HIS
POCKET...

I'VE GOT A GOOD RACKET, LEARY,
AND I'M NOT GONNA LET YOU...

YES, MR. EVANS...
YOU WOULD HAVE
ANOTHER RACKET
WOULDN'T YOU?

YOU KILLED YEARS AGO
BECAUSE YOU HAD A RACKET...
I WOULD HAVE LEFT YOU
ALONE IF ONLY YOU HAD
CHANGED--HAD MADE AN
HONEST LIFE FOR YOUR-
SELF!

NO... NO!
DON'T COME
CLOSER!
DON'T-- I'LL
SHOOT!



GALE RELATES THE COMPLETE TALE TO EVANS' SON... THE HARDEST TASK SHE HAS EVER DONE...



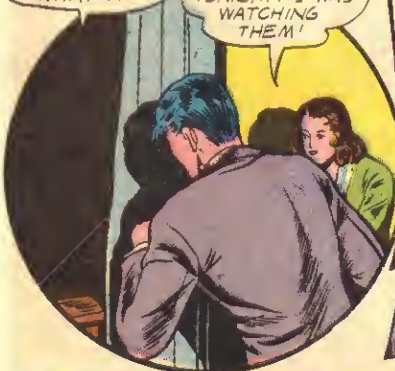
YOU SEE, GALE, EVERYONE KNEW 'DAD' MARRIED MY MOTHER FOR HER MONEY, SNAVE... OR EVANS IS REALLY MY FOSTER FATHER!

OH-I'M SO GLAD JACK! NOW I'M SURE YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE BOOTLEGGING!



BOOTLEGGING? WHAT!?

OUTSIDE... TONIGHT! I WAS WATCHING THEM!



WHY... THIS IS MY RANCH! I'VE NEVER SPENT MUCH TIME HERE BECAUSE IT WAS LONELY, BUT...

JACK... DON'T... THEY'RE ARMED!



BUT JACK DASHES FROM THE ROOM... FOLLOWED BY GALE...

I'D BETTER PHONE FOR THE POLICE.



AND OUTSIDE

I'VE CAUGHT YOU RED HANDED FAGGOT.. WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

JACK! WHY YOU FOOL KID! BE SMART. GET OUT OF HERE!





JACK! GET BACK INTO THE HOUSE. OR I SHOOT!

WHY, YOU FILTHY... A GUN!

HOWEVER...

JACK... I'VE GOT THE GUN!

GALE!



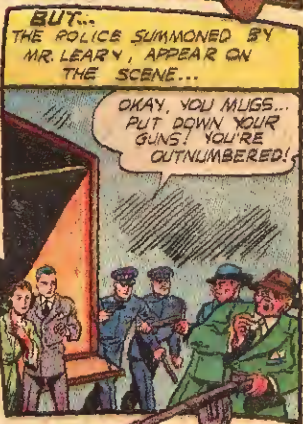
HEY!



THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, FAGGOT!

GALE! GET BACK! THE OTHERS ARE CLOSING IN!

OW!



BUT... THE POLICE SUMMONED BY MR. LEARY, APPEAR ON THE SCENE...

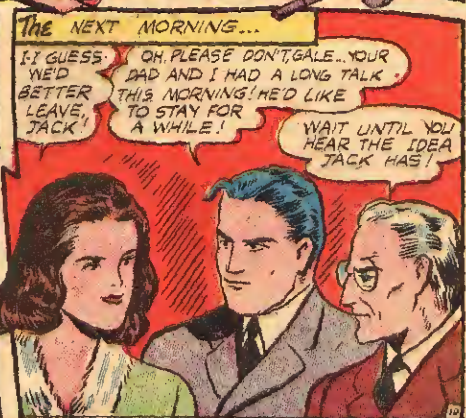
OKAY, YOU MUGS... PUT DOWN YOUR GUNS! YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED!



THE CROOKS ARE CAPTURED...

WILL YOU WANT ME TOO? AFTER ALL, THIS IS MY PLACE!

NO, SON... MR LEARY EXPLAINED! YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR!



THE NEXT MORNING...

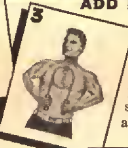
I GUESS... WE'D BETTER LEAVE, JACK!

OH, PLEASE DON'T, GALE... YOUR DAD AND I HAD A LONG TALK THIS MORNING! HE'D LIKE TO STAY FOR A WHILE!

WAIT UNTIL YOU HEAR THE IDEA JACK HAS!



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ADD INCHES, to your CHEST, BACK AND BICEPS

Here is your chance to develop a body packed with rock ribbed man-muscle, surging with vibrant, dynamic power... a body that men and women must admire.

Just these four easy steps, practised only a few minutes a day, will help build inches of power packed muscle on your frame, develop crushing biceps, husky forearms, super-strength back, chest, stomach and leg muscles, make a new man of you... **ALL MAN!**

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Just fill in and send coupon. When postman delivers your **SUPER POWER CRUSHER GRIP**, your **FREE** copy of "HOW TO FIGHT" and a pair of **FREE SUPER POWER HAND GRIPS**, pay him only \$2.98 plus postage. Develop champion strength as champions do. Rush coupon... **NOW!**

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Signal Flags and Authentic Code Instruction

How would you like to be able to talk to your friend without other people knowing what you are saying? How would you like to be able to use wig wag code just like the Army and Navy do? With this amazing offer, you get absolutely free 2 big red and white signal flags and complete flag code instruction. You can mystify your friends, you can use it for your club, and you can do it quickly and easily in just 5 minutes with this new, simplified method! Because you get

FREE .TOO

a complete course in code with a new easy, simplified method. You will also learn international dot-and-dash Morse code. Read on. Get yours free with this offer.



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IT'S NEW, IT'S THE WONDERSCOPE

— TWO REAL TELESCOPES IN ONE —

5 POWER FOR SHORT RANGE-10 POWER FOR EXTRA MILEAGE

**BOTH EXTEND
TO 16 INCHES
LONG**

**BRINGS OBJECTS
FAR AWAY CLEARLY
CLOSE TO YOUR EYE**

Here's a sensational new invention! Here's a scientific instrument that we have never before made available! The WONDERSCOPE is 2 beautiful telescopes in 1. Yes, 2 separate telescopes, one 10 power for very long range and the 5 power for medium distance. Think of the things that you can do with this wonderful new precision device that saves the mysteries of distance. You can now see your friends from far away and know what they are doing. You can see airplanes in the sky as if they were on the ground. You can see sporting events, ships, ships, the moon, etc. If you have a friend who lives some distance from your house he can signal you from his room and you will see him just as if you were there. You will actually be able to see 10 times as far as you can see now. Think of it—actually 10 times! The WONDERSCOPE has a magnified, accurate distance measuring device. You can look at any object and your WONDERSCOPE will tell you just how far away it is. You can have real fun with your signal flags too. Play war with a friend. Have him be the "Admiral Observation Post Officer," as the Captain of your WONDERSCOPE. He can go even as far as a mile away and signal you with flags. Looking through the WONDERSCOPE is 2 telescopes in 1, one 5 power and one 10 power. If you act now. Remember, the WONDERSCOPE is made in America and has genuine ground and polished glass lenses. Remember, too, that with every WONDERSCOPE we give you absolutely free of extra charge 2 big red and white signal flags, complete wig wag flag code instruction, and dot-and-dash Morse code instruction. This offer may never be repeated, so order yours now! Send the coupon today!

5 DAYS TRIAL

HERE'S OUR AMAZING OFFER

You would imagine that the WONDERSCOPE would be terribly expensive. It should be—but for this amazing introductory sale we have made the price only \$1.95. You can get your WONDERSCOPE and free signal flags and learn to wig wag with the coupon. Send no money. When the postman comes with your set, simply pay him \$1.95 plus small delivery charges. (Send \$2.00 cash and no postages!) If you want 2 complete WONDERSCOPE sets and flag sets, they will cost you only \$3.75. When you get yours, use it for 5 days. If you are not completely satisfied that it is the greatest thing you have ever bought, return it to us and your money will be refunded immediately. Supplies are limited so send this coupon now. Act fast! Be sure! Get yours today!



**INVENTION COMPANY, Dept. W-3405
38 Murray Street, New York 7, N. Y.**

- ☐ Send my WONDERSCOPE and free flags and code instruction. I will pay postman \$1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges on delivery. If within 5 days I was not completely satisfied with my WONDERSCOPE as I will return it to you and my money will be immediately refunded.
 - ☐ I am enclosing \$2.00 cash. You pay postage. Same guarantee.
 - ☐ Send me 2 complete WONDERSCOPE sets and free flags. I will pay postman \$3.75 plus charges. Same guarantee as above.
- Free credit account: goldberg@earthlink.net

NAME:
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CITY: STATE:

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